As the
Larks Rise
—
Theodosia
Garrison

STATE LIBRARY
SALEM, OREGON
THE UNION
DISCARD

AS THE LARKS RISE

AS THE LARKS RISE

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

AUTHOR OF "THE JOY O' LIFE," "THE EARTH CRY" AND "THE DREAMERS"

STATE LIBRARY
SALEM OREGON

Eastern Oregon University
WITHDRAWN
From EOU Library
La Grande, OR 97850

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1921

COPYRIGHT, 1921
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Printed in the United States of America

To

MY FATHER

For the privilege of reprinting the poems included in this volume the author thanks the Editors of *Everybody's*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Century*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The Smart Set*, *The Delineator*, *McClure's*, *Woman's Magazine*, *Red Cross Magazine*, *Ainslee's*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Poetry*, and *The Independent*.

Garrison, *Mrs* Theodosia (Pickering) As the larks rise. N.Y. Putnam, 1921. 119p. $1.75.
Always worthy of note, this new selection adds a depth of feeling to the author's other poems.
811 or 821
L/3 21-7792/9

CONTENTS

	PAGE
As the Larks Rise	3
The Keepers of the Light	4
The Coward	5
The Easter Angel	7
November	8
The Answer	10
Little Convent Songs	11
The Kerry Lads	13
The Empty Room	14
Mary, the Mother	16
Memorial Day	18
The Better Part	20
Spinsters	22
The Martyr	24

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Free Woman	26
I have Grown Tired of a Tree	28
Harlequin Laughs	29
An Old Poet	31
Her Heaven	33
Success	34
Pierrette	35
A Certain Joy	38
Cophetua's Queen	39
The Hosts of Mary	40
At the Road's End	41
Good-bye, My Youth	42
One Wife	44
The House in Trouble	45
The Healèd Ones	47
Love Speaks to Time	49
Ruins	51
Boots and Shoes	55
The Shepherd Who Stayed	56

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Mood	58
The Windows	59
Signs	61
The Father	62
A Ballad of Easter	63
Gratitude	65
Love Songs	66
St. Cecilia's Choir	67
The House in Order	70
The Conqueror	72
The Rebuilders	73
The Place of Dreams	75
Judgment	77
The Stranger	78
Mors Benigna	79
A Voice at the Door	81
The Lyric	83
Giants	86
The Master of the House	87

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Like o' Him	91
How Many Women	93
Blighty	94
The Storm	96
Gardens	98
Herself	100
The Witch-Wife	102
Those Who Went First	105
The Soul of Jeanne d'Arc	107
The Jilted	110
The Years	111
The Sea Bride	112
The Wishes	116
A Wedding Song	118

AS THE LARKS RISE

AS THE LARKS RISE

NO gypsy born of the old, true blood
Dies between walls of stone or wood;
They are too courteous to Death
To bid him come for that last breath
Through a low door to a mean space
Unfitted to his rank and grace.

But when their hour is come to die
They room between the ground and sky;
On shore or meadow, hill or heath
They wait the gracious hand of Death;
From a free place to open skies
They rise with him as the larks rise.

God grant that in no narrow room
Death peers at me through curtained gloom;
But somewhere in the first, fresh dawn
Green be the hill I lie upon,
And let Death come to me as one
With the wind and the dew and the lifting sun.

THE KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT

WE are the keepers of that steadfast light
That guides a people's course and destiny;
Not ours the skill directing over sea
The mighty beams that blaze the path aright;
Ours but the hands that, serving, keep it bright,
The bringers of the oil, the workers we
Who day long, without pause and faithfully,
Toil that its radiance may pierce the night.

Above us are the wills that guide and turn;
It is not ours to watch nor question these,—
Ours but to see each wick is trimmed and fit
Lest on a night of storms it fails to burn
And a Great Ship goes down in awful seas.
O, Keepers of the light, keep faith with it!

THE COWARD

I MUST be off and a long time gone before
the Spring comes back;
Before the last snow thaws and dries, before
the first bird sings—
Before me heart's the like of a hare with
yelpin' hounds on its track,
With the old sounds and the old sights and
the liftin' of new-fledged wings.

I must be gone and a long way off before the
Spring comes on;
Before the hedges are comin' green the ways
that we used to go.
'Tis bad enough on a winter's night for a lad
to sit be his lone,
But I'm dreadin' the time when Phelin's
pipes call up from the glen below.

I must be off and a long time gone, and there's
no one to bid me stay,
And she and the man of her choice may
laugh at seein' a fool depart.

THE COWARD

I must be off and a long way off before Spring
comes this way,
Before the sight of a child of hers would
tear the chords of me heart.

THE EASTER ANGEL

TWO angels were in Mary's life;
One came when she was young,
When the fields of Spring were blossoming
And the birds of morning sung.
In a green garden between folded wings
He gave her heart the promise that was
Spring's.

Two angels were in Mary's life;
One came when she was old.
She sought her son on an Easter dawn
In a carven tomb and cold,
And lo! one stood before her there who said.
"Rejoice, rejoice! He lives and is not dead!"

Two angels were in Mary's life;
The second loved she best.
God grant this day he comes to stay
Each heart that, grief-possessed,
May turn to sudden rapture at the voice
That cries: "Thy dead have never died—
Rejoice!"

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER is a spinster who never had a lover!
All her pretty sisters have sweethearts by the score,
Wilful April, singing June with roses wreathed above her
And the gypsy girl October flaming out from brake and cover;
But a gaunt, gray spinster is November evermore.

Brown earth beneath her feet, dull skies above her,
Not a flower anywhere nor any wings to start,
November is a spinster who never had a lover—
But when you see her sunsets you look into her heart.

NOVEMBER

I have loved her sisters, I have praised their graces,
But in gaunt, grim November I find a better thing—
A grief that asks no comforting, a heart that seeks no praises.
I'd rather have her courage than all their pretty faces,
Her honest, blunt assurance, than the promises of Spring.

Brown earth beneath her feet, bare boughs above her,
Walking through the empty fields, silent and apart,
November is a spinster who never had a lover—
And only through her sunsets you look into her heart.

THE ANSWER

ALWAYS laughin' she was—havin' her joke and singin'—
Her heart the like of a fountain where joy was dancin' and springin';
And ourselves by the fire would say, "She's stretchin' her hand to sorrow—
God save the child from the trouble, the trouble that comes tomorrow!"

Always happy she was—and happy it was Death found her
In the place that she loved the best, with the arms of love around her.
And ours is the answered prayer who were askin' against her sorrow.
God saved the child from the trouble, the trouble that comes tomorrow!

LITTLE CONVENT SONGS

I

I DO not understand the Saints—
They care no more for my complaints
Or wistful prayers I bring to them
Than our stone Mary at the door
Cares for the birds that sing and soar
And light about her garment's hem.

She does not care,—but yesterday
I placed some crumbs there—carefully—
Perhaps some time, in some such way,
An answered prayer may come to me.

II

When Father Martin talks to us
We sit up straight with careful eyes,
Like soldiers taking orders from
A Captain very stern and wise.

But oh, when Father Clement talks,
  It seems as though he led one through
An open door to Some One there
  Who takes your hand and smiles at you.

III

When Sister Mary-Joseph sings
  Something besides her voice sings, too;
But far away behind closed doors
  That bar and will not let it through.

She sings of calm and holy things—
  I wish I could not hear at all
That other voice which beats its wings
  And sobs and cries against the wall.

THE KERRY LADS

MY eyes were all too wary,
My heart was none too gay
Until the lads from Kerry
Came tramping through this way
And lodged about the village
And helped us with the hay.

The lads that come from Kerry
Are not like lads at home;
They show you where the fairie
Dance circles on the loam
And tell old tales and sing old songs
That lift your heart like foam.

The lads that come from Kerry.
They never stay for long;
But oh, their mouths are merry!
And oh, their arms are strong!
And what's a careless kiss or so
To one remembered song?

THE EMPTY ROOM

OH, little room that knew such light and cheer
When she was here;
That held as any love-locked garden might,
The rose that was her presence night and night,
What are you now but four poor walls that press
About mere emptiness—
A garden devastated, through whose door
Joy enters in no more?

Oh, little room left chill and desolate,
I wonder if you wait
Long day by day to hear again the sweet
And yearned-for sound of her returning feet
Upon your threshold,—waiting for that one
Whose coming brings the sun
And light and fragrance,—all your banished bloom,
Oh, little lonely room!

THE EMPTY ROOM

Oh, little lonely room, so warm and dear
When she was here,
You that her love made beautiful! I, too,
Must share this want with you,
Seeing I close in silence, for my part,
An empty heart
Filled one day with the very joy of her.
Oh, little room, my heart is lonelier!

MARY, THE MOTHER

"WHAT is the great light falling through
the door?"
The light of a white star shining like the sun!
"I will hide His eyes," she said, "covering
them o'er
Lest the sight should harm Him, my little,
helpless one!"

"What is the great sound ever drawing near?"
The sound of singing voices in a vast wind's
sweep!
"I will hold Him close," she said, "so He may
not hear,
So these may not wake Him in His first,
sweet sleep!"

Her bright hair covered Him between her
breast and arm;
"So my care shall cover Him from all
unhappy things,

I shall be His shield," she said, "between the
world and harm!"
And nearer, ever nearer, drew angels,
shepherds, kings.

Low laughed Mary among the drowsing kine:
"Mine and mine alone He is, by all my love
possessed!"
And even as against His cheek she whispered,
"Mine," and "Mine!"
Heaven came in, the world came in and
claimed Him at her breast.

MEMORIAL DAY

A HANDFUL of old men walking down the village street
In worn, brushed uniforms, their gray heads high;
A faded flag above them, one drum to lift their feet—
Look again, O heart of mine, and see what passes by!

There's a vast crowd swaying, there's a wild band playing,
The streets are full of marching men, of tramping cavalry.
Alive and young and straight again, they ride to greet a mate again—
The gallant souls, the great souls that live eternally!

A handful of old men walking down the highways?

Nay, we look on heroes that march among
their peers,
The great, glad Companies have swung from
heaven's byways
And come to join their own again across the
dusty years.

There are strong hands meeting, there are
staunch hearts greeting—
A crying of remembered names, of deeds
that shall not die.
A handful of old men?—Nay, my heart, look
well again;
The spirit of America today is marching by!

THE BETTER PART

EH, but the days when I was young and
Phelan's Molly would none of me—
And little blame to herself, God knows, for
I was the moon-struck calf,
Blushin' up to me hair I was times she'd be
havin' her fun of me,
And me heart the like of a rushin' wave to
be breakin' against her laugh!

Faith, I went in misery, and sorrow walked
beside me,
Yet here's the truth I'm tellin' you—I'd
give me ease today
To feel the heart-thrust in me for all that love
denied me,
For 'tis better to be in love and sad than
be merry when pipers play.

Eh, but the days when I was young and for
all I laugh at the thought of it,

THE BETTER PART

Of the times I went like a crazy thing and
the nights that I lay awake!
Little I guessed I'd know today the wisdom
that last I bought of it—
'Tis unhappier far to be old and at ease
than to sorrow for loving's sake.

Glad enough am I today that Molly would
have none of me,
(And she three years the older one the time
you come to think.)
But here's the truth I'm owing her since age
has had the run of me—
'Tis better to be unhappy in love than
merry with fiddles and drink!

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

SPINSTERS

I

SHE sang of Love so loud and long
That when one day he came to call
She was so busy with her song
She did not hear him knock at all;
And as he left, unrecognized,
He looked exceedingly surprised.

II

Searching for Love, the distance o'er
She scanned the high and starry way,
And never knew that by her door
He greeted her, say, thrice a day,
Because he wore, ah! hapless one,
The aspect of her neighbour's son.

III

About her everywhere she saw
Love's double breaking love and law,

So when at last, Himself, he came
She gave him that impostor's name
And told him such unpleasant things
He went away with drooping wings.

IV

She made her House of Life so trim,
So white and starched, so neatly prim,
She would not let Love in until
He scraped his boots and brushed the sill.
Hence, after much vain argument
Before the entry door—he went.

THE MARTYR

A FLAME above his cradle hung—
A flame no earthly torch had lit—
And even as his cradle swung
His eyes would follow it.

And older, as he bent to turn
The book that held his heart, behold!
The shadow of a flame would burn
Across its page like gold.

And men reviled him in those days,
When from old creeds and tenets grim
He turned to follow through strange ways
The flame that beckoned him;

That flame that never burned above
The tall cathedral spire, but stood
Above that outcast flock his love
Had made a brotherhood.

And when before his judges flung,
  Daring their council to be meek,
The live flame fell on lips and tongue
  And, burning, bade him speak.

Hence, one day glorious with grace,
  Men led him with bell, book, and prayer
Out to the crowded market-place
  Where the heaped faggots were,

And lo! he saw his flame—his flame,
  Spring from the pile men's torches lit.
Exultant to its light he came,
  And gave himself to it.

THE FREE WOMAN

WOMEN who do not love are free;
All day their thoughts go carelessly.
I know they do not fear at all
When the nights come and the snows fall.

But those who love—their thoughts must trace
All day the well-belovéd face,
And they are fearful and grow chill
At the snow's fall and the night's ill.

And they would fire their hearts to burn
Like a bright light at the road's turn,
And flay their souls to keep him warm
In the cold night and the white storm.

Surely I may be glad that I
Softly a night of storms may lie,
For I have watched a woman's face
A black night at a window's space.

Surely I should be happier,
Nor envy—envy—envy her;
But I have heard the word she spoke
In her man's arms as the dawn broke.

I HAVE GROWN TIRED OF A TREE

I HAVE grown tired of a tree,
And had a mountain weary me
As might some guest who stays too long
After the feasting and the song;
But I have never tired at all
Of the city's ceaseless carnival,
Or mountains made of brick and stone,
Raised by the hands of man alone.

I have been weary by the sea,
But never where humanity
Surges like some deep tide that beats
Day-long against the city streets;
Better than gardens Spring-endowed,
The hundred faces of a crowd,
Each with its history that lies
Clear-writ between the mouth and eyes.

God made some lives for silent places,
And some for tumult and men's faces.
And some find peace in flower and herb,
And some on a crowded, city curb.

HARLEQUIN LAUGHS

IF we one day had guessed how death
  Would claim at last our Harlequin—
He to whom laughter was as breath,
  He of the lifted brow and chin
And eyes that seemed as though just turned
From pages where a love-song burned.

One would have doubtless said, "Some night,
  Blown on the Carnival's high gust,
His life will go out like a light
  Between a kiss and dagger-thrust,
And his fantastic ghost will rise
With a black mask across its eyes."

Or one might say, "Some Springtime dawn
  Will find him, in all certainty,
Full-flung upon a dewy lawn
  Beneath a rose-hung balcony,
Lips curving in a song struck mute,
And at his side a broken lute."

Or say, "Upon a raft at sea,
Careless if death come late or soon,
So he but end the rhapsody
He sings to the complacent moon,
Saluting with his finger-tips
Till the last ripple strikes his lips."

O well-belovéd ghost, what chance
Is yours to make the answer due?
There is an unnamed grave in France
That in its silence speaks for you—
The soldier's grave you fought and died to win. . . .
Laugh—but laugh gently at us, Harlequin!

AN OLD POET

LONG since his song was broken by weight of toil and tears,
The loveliness unspoken lost in the mist of years.

Is joy his part, or sadness, when now against the skies,
Like notes from a choir of gladness, the new songs soar and rise?

Voices of youth, with dower of dawn and life and mirth,
With that exultant power that lifts the song from earth.

Does he, grown old and tired, grieving, recall that one
Morn when he too aspired to reach the very sun?

Or does he hear, rejoicing, that though his
lips are sealed,
These vibrant hearts are voicing his vision
unrevealed?

God grant to him is given this joy what time
youth sings,
So well assured of heaven, so confident of
wings.

HER HEAVEN

I SHALL be young again—and pretty enough
To make the saints smile at me as I pass
With swift, white feet across the heavenly grass.

I shall be gay and careless, and my heart,
Forever like some hidden bird, shall sing
Of some approaching and most lovely thing.

Surely, a thought absurd, unorthodox,
To enter through an office door, or come
Grotesquely, as the subway crowds rush home.

There is a mirror in my lodging-house
Stained here and there with lines like slanting rain,
That shows a woman neat and tired and plain.

But in that mirror that no other sees
I watch sometimes the girl in Paradise,—
Pretty—and young—with laughter in her eyes.

SUCCESS

WHEN Love and I came out of the night
To the wind and the sun and the high bird's call,
With the highroad before us wide and white,
He did not heed me at all.

He loosed my hand to salute the day;
He was one with the wind and the soaring lark.
He called me to follow along the way—
We had walked so close in the dark!

PIERRETTE

ALL his gallant youth he gave to love them,
Reverenced and honoured not a few,
Blue eyes—black eyes—how he bent above them,
Tender, almost true.

Woman in her glory and completeness,
This his sum of knowledge and of joys,
Knew her moods, her vanities, her sweetness,
As a child his toys.

Ever through his heart the sweet progression
Made its never-ending wilful way,
Strange of all that varied, vain procession
One alone might stay.

Nay—I know, for yesterday I drew him
From his cherished books and cameos,
To the garden where the slow wind threw him
A welcome from its rose.

PIERRETTE

Just an old man now who in his garden,
Bends and lingers by the blossomed throng,
A little sadly,—as though asking pardon
For being old so long.

And as his tremulous, white fingers righted
One rose that bent from out its sister-band,
A white-winged butterfly—bewildered—lighted
A moment on his hand.

Just a moment and as quickly vanished,
But he stood, his hand extended yet,
And with that gallant smile the years had banished
Said one name, "Pierrette!"

That was all—no other word—no story.
We paced the garden till the West was red,
Yet in that instant all Youth's flame and glory
Sprang from the ashes dead.

Strange that a heart wherein so much had perished,
Where many loves had lingered but to die,
Of all the dear—the beautiful—but cherished
Pierrette—a butterfly.

And so I think of all who stand to greet him,
When Death may lead him where his own
are met,
But one alone shall laugh and run to meet him,
But one alone—Pierrette.

A CERTAIN JOY

A CERTAIN joy unto my window-sill
Came singing through the morning yesterday.
I scarce dared smile, so still I sat, so still—
Yet did it fly away.

There, when my red-cheeked neighbour opposite
Had spread—ah! craftily—her rose-hid snare,
So still I sat, I heard her loud delight,
What time she trapped it there.

The night comes on—I ponder many things—
Ah! better far that joy should fly away
Than hold it thus with bruised and broken wings,
And, crippled, bid it stay.

COPHETUA'S QUEEN

MY neck was never bowed before I hung a
jewel on it,
My hands were always free until I weighted
them with rings.
Till I found the golden robe and the pride to
don it,
Till I wore the silken shoon with their silver
strings,
I ran free and ragged with the world's wild
things.

Yet honour is a jewel, and one is proud to
bear it,
And duty makes the rings I wear and one
would keep them bright,
A King's love is a golden robe and glad am I
to wear it,
And I must walk in careful paths to keep
my shoon aright.

*I wonder how the brook would feel to naked
feet tonight!*

THE HOSTS OF MARY

SHE came unto a great tree
With low boughs and fair,
Out of the hard road
And the noon's glare;
The cool shade encircled her
Like kind arms there.

She came unto a still brook
In a green place;
There did she wash the dust
From her sweet face,
There did she stoop and drink,
And rest a space.

The great tree, the little brook—
Kind hosts were they;
Think you she thought of them
At end of day,
When from the inn's closed door
She turned away?

AT THE ROAD'S END

SOMETIMES the road was a twisted riddle
Where one might stray for a crooked mile,
But O, she danced to the pipes and fiddle
Most of the while, most of the while.

Sometimes the wind and the rain together
Blurred the hill that she needs must climb,
But O, she tripped it in primrose weather
Most of the time, most of the time.

Who may say that the journey tried her?
Never a Romany went as gay,
Seeing that true love walked beside her
All of the way, all of the way.

GOOD-BYE, MY YOUTH

COME a little nearer! Now we part,
Why should you seem dearer to my heart?

Troublesome, unruly, discontent—
Were you ever truly heaven-sent?

Made of grief and blisses, hopes and fears,
I have known your kisses and your tears.

Joy, when joy compelled you, day by day;
Grief, when duty held you from your way.

Every fancy wooing, false or true;
Every wind pursuing—that is you.

Now the years grow riper—why romance?
Child, we owe the piper for this dance.

Yours is all the riot, pipes and drums—
Now I long for quiet; evening comes.

GOOD-BYE, MY YOUTH

Evening and candlelight,—I claim my due.
Here by the hearth-flame bright, good-bye to you.

Go you where dreamland lies for girls and boys;
Where vanished butterflies still have their joys.

Wanton, tonight we part, with little ruth;
Yet—once more to my heart! Good-bye, my youth!

ONE WIFE

SHE knows the length of hell,
The space between
The bland clock ticking on the mantel there
And the window screen.

She knows the look of hell,
The empty street
That holds no form, no shadow and no sound
Of stumbling feet.

She knows the light of hell,
The first grey dawn
That tells the fading lamp, the dying hope
That night has gone.

THE HOUSE IN TROUBLE

AS we rode through the village, the houses every one
Were open to the west wind and merry with the sun;
All except the one house, shuttered from the day,
Like a soul in sorrow who hides his face away.

As we rode past the village it would not quit my mind—
The little house in trouble that we had left behind;
Smoke lifted from the chimney, but the closed door cried,
"Oh, hurry by, oh, hurry by, nor seek the grief I hide."

O little house in trouble, when back again I ride,
God grant I see your windows shine, your door flung wide,

And all your new-grown garden tremulous
with Spring,
Like a face that smiles again through peace
of comforting.

THE HEALÈD ONES

SHOULD I win to paradise (since even sinners enter there),
I shall not seek the high saints with crown and aureole,
But I shall find the humble ones, the healèd ones, that centre there,
Who followed through all gratitude the love that made them whole.

He who once was blind shall tell me of his sight again,
Tell me of the glory that flooded land and sea,
When across his opened eyes surged in golden light again
The yellow sands—the blue waves—the sun of Galilee.

I shall not seek the martyrs, the staunch souls victorious,
Those who won to ecstasy from faggot and from rod;

But I shall seek the simple folk in no fashion glorious,
The broken straws of mankind that proved the winds of God.

He who once was dumb shall tell me his first word again;
He who long was helpless shall tell his joy to me
When first his bonds were broken and his bound limbs stirred again—
He shall tell me of the word and touch that made him free.

Never saint nor martyr, when heaven opened wide to him,
Knew a greater joy than these whom I shall seek therefore;
And a little lad shall tell me what first his mother cried to him,
When he who limped out sighing, ran shouting through the door.

LOVE SPEAKS TO TIME

YOU shall have all my vanities:
The curl and colour of my hair,
The hundred happy coquetries,
The rose-hued gowns I love to wear.
Perhaps I shall not greatly care,
Or, caring, mourn them but a day;
But oh! this joy, this joy of mine—
May this not stay?

You shall take laughter's clearest note,
The very dancing from my feet,
The warmth and whiteness of my throat—
I shall not tremble when we meet
Save for this joy of mine, this sweet
Rose of delight I close away
Within my inmost heart. O Time,
May this not stay?

You shall have all that women prize:
The little things of loveliness,

LOVE SPEAKS TO TIME

The very blue from my two eyes.
I would not stay your hand with less—
But oh! my singing happiness,
The joy that lights my life today!
You shall have all my vanities—
May this not stay?

RUINS

ABOUT the time the Shakespeare Club
fell through
For lack of members—then the movies came
And woke the town up. Look at Judson's Hall
That never had a crowd before (except
The time the Elks here gave their minstrel
show)
And now it's packed from eight till half-past
ten.

The people drive in from the outside farms,
Mill-hands and servant girls and half-grown
boys
With giggling girls,—the usual movie crowd
You'll find in any town, with kids as thick
As flies about the windows and the doors.
I take them in sometimes—to please myself.

Last night, between a comic and a play
They slipped a reel in, "Ruins of Old Rome."

RUINS

Not much to look at,—broken pillars, big
Ungainly piles, stone buildings looking like
A court-house in the earthquake zone, and some
Statues in bad condition.

Well, I yawned
Until I saw a man in front of me—
A big, stoop-shouldered fellow, none too young,
Soft collar and soft hat—you know the kind.
Dopey, I called him, for he never laughed
At any of the comics.

But when these
Pictures of broken things came on, he sat
A little forward in his chair, and stared;
And once I heard him groan—so—through his teeth—
Just once, and on the hand that gripped his knee
I knew his knuckles whitened.

He got up
And shambled out before the show was through.

I asked Ed Stevens who he was. He said,
"Oh, that's Jim Andrews on the *Eagle* here.
He draws cartoons, writes jingles now and
then,
Fills in the humour column when they're
short,—
That sort of thing.

They say that once he tried
To be an artist, the real thing, you know,—
Studied in Europe and all that, and failed,
And came back broke. Lives with his old
maid aunt
Who keeps the boarding-house on Market
Street.
The boys say he's an artist, though, all right
At one thing"—and Ed winked. "Step in
the bar,"
He said. "He'll be there till Joe closes up."

We went and had our beer. The place was
full
Of smoke and oaths and smells and talk and
noise,
And men that roared out jokes and stamped
and laughed.

RUINS

Jim Andrews had a table to himself,
Back in the shadow, close beside the wall.
Nobody seemed to look or speak to him.
Once in a while Joe went and filled his glass,
And Andrews nodded,—that was all. He sat,
His hat pushed down until it hid his eyes,
His elbows on the table and his chin
In his cupped hands.

He sat there in the smoke,
A gilt girl advertising someone's beer
Over his head.

"He's got a grouch for fair
Tonight," Ed said. "We'd better let him be."

We went out in the night and left him there.

BOOTS AND SHOES

FAME hung me a crown on the mountain top
Where the strongest eagles soar.
I had only to climb to make it mine—
Only that—no more;
But Happiness left a pair of shoes—
Dancing-shoes—at my door.

Oh, the way is rough to the mountain top,
And the dancing green is fair;
And there all day do the fiddles play,
And the mountain is gaunt and bare;
And one has blood on his hob-nailed boots,
Ere he gains the summit there.

Happiness left me dancing-shoes,
Tasselled and trim and neat;
And the fiddles play and the dancers sway
And my partner's face is sweet.
There's time enough for a lad to climb
With hob-nailed boots on his feet.

THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED

There are in paradise
Souls neither great nor wise.
Yet souls who wear no less
The Crowns of Faithfulness.

MY Master bade me watch the flock by night;
My duty was to stay—I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light.
I did not heed the words that bade them go.
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,
What though my brother wept and plucked my sleeve?—
These were not mine to leave.

THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill—
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates—no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me,
I had not heard that summons they obeyed—
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went.
I only know that, watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed that trust upon me laid—
I ask no more—I stayed.

A MOOD

TODAY there's singing on my lips
(And more if one should ask).
Today I kiss my finger-tips
And curtsy to my task.
My heart's a butterfly today,
The world a garden blows,
With every wind a roundelay
And every hour a rose.

My soul is vagabond today,
A gypsy on the grass
Who dances by the King's highway
Where solemn coaches pass.
Angels of joy whom joy must please,
Today my heart hath wings,
And 'neath your golden balconies
A mirth-mad Pierrot sings.

THE WINDOWS

THE windows of the little house look down
the crooked lane,
Windows that are watching like a child's
wide eyes,
Hopeful in the sunshine and wistful in the rain
And anxious in the winter when the blown
snow flies.

Morning after morning I walk the fields a mile,
I go to town and back again—I swing the
little gate,
But though I lift my face to them the win-
dows never smile,
They only look above my head and watch,
and watch—and wait.

Long since my watching ended—the heart-
throbs and the care.
'Tis only for the little house I keep its
windows bright,

And sometimes on a May day put a crimson
flower there,
Or a lamp that burns unshaded on a wild
Fall night.

SIGNS

THE city has a million lights;
They blaze on shops and shows and bars,
Through all the blaring, crowded nights
They dim the glory of the stars.

But in the day, one only sees
Dull frames and hoardings where these stood,
Unlit by flashing witcheries—
Poor things of lettering and wood.

And high above the domes and towers,
Glowing and glorious and bright,
God swings his sign for working hours,—
His undimmed, golden sphere of light.

Before the door of heaven, the sun;
Before the marts of men, the mean
And burned-out lights of Babylon,—
And we—bewildered moths—between.

THE FATHER

WE were such friends, such lovers, she and I—
No door closed ever between mind and mind—
And surely I shall love him by and by—
This tiniest rival of all humankind.

Perhaps no man may ever understand
The woman's brooding o'er the child she bore;
Yet strange it is that such a little hand
Should close so great a door.

A BALLAD OF EASTER

I HEARD two soldiers talking
As they came down the hill—
The sombre hill of Calvary,
Bleak and black and still.
And one said, "The night is late;
These thieves take long to die."
And one said, "I am sore afraid,
And yet I know not why."

I heard two women weeping
As down the hill they came.
And one was like a broken rose,
One was like a flame.
And one said, "Now men shall rue
This deed their hands have done."
And one said only through her tears,
"My Son! My Son! My Son!"

A BALLAD OF EASTER

I heard two angels singing
  Ere yet the dawn was bright,
And they were clad in shining robes,
  Robes and crowns of light.
And one sang, "Death is vanquished,"
  And one in golden voice
Sang, "Love hath conquered, conquered all;
  O Heaven and Earth, rejoice!"

GRATITUDE

WHEN Death at last shall take my hand
and lead me to his gateway dim,
There at the threshold I shall pause to make
my one request of him.
I think that he will smile and say, "One mo-
ment, then," and I shall run
Across that narrow space where Life walks
with her face toward the sun;
And I shall say, "I have come back one little
moment more to bless
And thank you for my splendid years of love
and song and happiness;
O, thank you, thank you," I shall say, and
kiss my hand, and, happily
Run back across that narrow space where
Death, benignant, waits for me.

LOVE SONGS

AS many songs of love there are
As green leaves in a summer wood,
While yet the autumn is afar
And the swift rains are good.

And some leaves fall in any storm
And some dance lightly East and West;
But some—ah, some cling soft and warm
About a nest.

ST. CECILIA'S CHOIR

THE little neighbour led me in, across the
class-room, up the stairs,
Into that very room so long the centre of my
daring prayers.
For there at the piano sat he who might grant
my heart's desire,
That Fate who judged the voices fit to sing in
St. Cecilia's choir.

To sing in St. Cecilia's choir—that meant to
rise in starchéd state,
And *sing* while all the church admired, with
dignitaries forced to wait.
That meant rehearsals—lovely things, and
late hours sanctioned by one's sire,
And ice-cream festivals whereat would chant
the St. Cecilia choir.

And I who knew nor time nor key, nor when
to stop, nor when to start,—

The object of a brother's scorn, the anguish
of a parent's heart—
I, tuneless, toneless, even I, dared through
sheer longing to aspire
To sit among those fifty mates that made the
St. Cecilia choir.

And he—that judge who held my fate—I saw
him as I see him now:
The rough, white hair, the heavy form, the
eyes beneath the generous brow.
I stood as any peasant might before Apollo
and his lyre;
He glanced and struck a note, and I—I tried
for St. Cecilia's choir.

My face was flame, my feet were ice, my heart
one passionate appeal;
I tried so hard to follow him—this Master of
my woe or weal;
He struck another note—and frowned; then
wheeled about—O, portent dire!—
And looked her through—this imp who dared
to dream of St. Cecilia's choir!

Perhaps he only saw a child and not an image
of despair,

A child with round, imploring eyes beneath
her boyish, close-cropped hair.
He looked—he laughed—he laughed again,
and then—I turned from ice to fire—
He nodded, waved his hand, and I—was one
with St. Cecilia's choir.

Peace on his soul!—I like to think he guessed
that desperate request,
Who let the kindness of his heart subdue the
critic in his breast:
Nor do I doubt when angels chant in his
abode of song and bliss,
Some little cherub off the key will know that
kindly laugh of his.

THE HOUSE IN ORDER

I HAVE been so untidy all my days.

I only thought to make my House of Life
A place of happiness—a dwelling bright
With mirth, and gay with hearth and lantern-light;
A banquet-hall wherein the board was set
For many mates. But now the time has come
To set my house in order,—to prepare
For that last guest. About me everywhere
Are soiled, unlovely things. My floors are marked
With many footsteps and my table stained
With wine rings. There are broken things to mend
Pushed back upon the shelves—old faiths—old hopes
And dingy ornaments. Once cherished things
That youth outgrew, old friendships and old loves—

THE HOUSE IN ORDER

These to be mended, these to be made bright.
O, there is much to do before the night
Brings my last guest. I will throw wide the
door
And all my windows to the sun and wind;
I will wipe out these footprints on the floor.
Surely I shall have time, before he comes,
To set my house in order; to arrange
The fair, white linen ready to his hands;
To lay my table in a quiet room
With cleanliness and peaceful candlelight.
I will work very hard the live-long day,
For when the sun is setting he will come—
That guest who cries no greeting at my gate,
Who casts no slanting shadow on the lawn.
I do not know what face he may disclose
Beneath his mantle. Who may say, indeed,
It is not God's? One should not be ashamed
To bid him in. My house at close of day
Must be in order.

There is much to do.

THE CONQUEROR

THEY saw her conquer sorrow day by day,
Laugh, sing and hide with roses every scar;
And deemed it but her right to hear them say,
"How brave—how brave you are!"

A high reward!—They never knew nor guessed
How all her heart but craved a beggar's dole,
Yearning for any voice from all the rest
To say, "Poor Soul, poor Soul!"

THE REBUILDERS

WE send them off to school again today,
This cool September morning. All the street
Is musical with patter of small feet,
And little, shining faces all the way
Seem wayside posies for our smiles to greet.

I wonder if they ever guess or know
With what strange tenderness we watch them so?

Just children on their way to school again?
Nay, it is ours to watch a greater thing.
These are the World's Rebuilders! These must bring
Order to chaos, comforting to pain
And light in blasted fields new fires of Spring.

Dear Lord, Thy childish hands were weak and small,
Yet had they power to clasp the world withal,—
Grant these, Thy little kindred, strength as true,—
They have so much to learn, so much to do!

THE PLACE OF DREAMS

BACK to the Place of Dreams I came,
where I was young so long—
An old house in the sunset's flame, the great
sea's crooning song.

And there upon the dunes one stood who gave
no heed to me,
A slender slip of maidenhood between the
sun and sea.

The sea wind on her gypsy face, the sea spray
on her hair,
For all I shared the selfsame place she did
not heed me there.

Only upon the sand-dunes high she stood as
one who sees
Between the blue of sea and sky his outbound
argosies,

And dares to dream of their return with
treasures manifold,
With strange, great gems that flash and burn
and cloth of vair and gold.

Ah! Well she did not guess at all, the loss that
shipwreck seems,
Or know what havoc would befall her fragile
fleet of dreams.

But I—I turned and left her there; she did not
see me go—
A dreaming girl with wind-tossed hair that
once I used to know.

Oh, little ghost, dream on content; not yours
life's wreck and wrong.
Out from the Place of Dreams I went where I
was young so long.

JUDGMENT

SOME plod through dusty lowlands, and some fly
On even wings beneath a constant sky;
Yet surely this is very good to know:
Little the Master recks of how we go;
Not His to mark the devious, winding ways
Of that long journey through the little days;
Not His to plan the separate road for each,
Who judges only by that goal we reach.

Nor do I think the angels smile to see
How blindly some may grope and awkwardly;
Nor do I think their high approval springs
For those who know the glorious gift of wings.
Only I think that, all exultant, one
Glad watcher from the ramparts of the sun
May cry, "Rejoice! Another valiant soul
Unaided and alone hath reached the goal!"

THE STRANGER

I HAVE a longing on me for my own land—
Oh, people of the mountains, let me be!
For the wide, flat meadows and the gray sand
And the sound of the singing of the sea.

I have need to walk the long, level roads again
To watch the white sea-fog roll in,
To call out the weather to the fishermen
When the soft, white nights begin.

I would question how the bulkheads stand
When the high September tides run free;
I have a longing on me for my own land—
Oh, people of the mountains, let me be!

MORS BENIGNA

I DO not think of him as one who stalks,
a helpless enemy,
Who some day will blot out the sun, and lay
relentless hands on me;

Nay, rather do I think of him as one who in all
kindness waits
At the road's end, when shadows dim, to
draw me gently through his gates,

And lead me, like some kindly host that gives
a long-expected guest
The comfort that he craves the most—the
hospitality of rest.

So shall I think of him each day, while the
road shortens mile by mile,
Guessing the word that he will say—almost
familiar with his smile.

No foe with fury in his breath shall charge me
from some ambushed place,
For I shall make a friend of Death long, long
before I see his face.

A VOICE AT THE DOOR

PRETTY one, sad one, lift up your eyes and greet me;
The April wind is in the land and apple-blossoms drift.
Come from out your shadowed place—take a step to meet me.
I am new Love, true Love—who comes with many a gift.

With fresh, red roses bespangled with the dew
For the withered ones your sweet hands cherish,
With a handful of happy dreams to all come true
In place of the wistful ones that perish.

Pretty one, sad one, lift up your eyes nor doubt me;
I am new Love, true Love who at your threshold stands,

A VOICE AT THE DOOR

The West wind comes in with me, the sun is
all about me,
And the first gift of many gifts is eager for
your hands.

A long love letter, clean and crisp and new,
Every word as fragrant as a blossom,
In place of that old one almost wept in two
That lies like a sorrow in your bosom.

THE LYRIC

A YOUNGSTER in the Regent's time
One day poured out his heart in rhyme
And slipped the manuscript between
"Ye Sermons of Sylvanus Greene,"
For there I found it,
As walking through dark woods and chill
One comes upon a daffodil
With sunshine round it.
What of the writer? Dust so long,
The heart and hand that made his song
To Kate or Nancy;
Naught but a lyric, faded, dim,
To give a ghostly glimpse of him—
Still, let us fancy
That, losing Romance from his state,
He took Ambition for a mate,
At her dictation
Forsook the Muse and travelled far,
Say—studied law, attained the bar,
Gained wealth and station;

In time achieved the wig and gown
And graced the bench in London town,
No judge empiric.
His people never knew, 'tis said,
The reason why he died unwed;
But here's his lyric:

"O joy, sing joy, I sent my Love a posy,
She took it and she kissed it and she wore it on her breast,
All the world was happiness and all the clouds were rosy,
And I thought about the Parson who could read the service best.

"O sing sorrow, I sent my Love a posy
With never mark nor sign thereon to show the owner's name.
But now I wish had gone with it a billet rhymed or prosy,
For that she gave another thanks who bowed and took the same.

"O woe, sing woe, I sent my Love a posy,
And all the good it might have done another hath possessed.

And now she's walking out with him, contented all and cozy,
And no one knows 'tis my heart that is fading on her breast."

GIANTS

I

I WALKED with giants once upon the height
For that one look you gave me one May night.

Comrade of theirs was I as bold as strong
For that one note I dreamed into your song.

By none could I be worsted or o'erthrown,
Feeling your hands a moment in my own.

II

Now must I face my giants one by one—
I who but dreamed a dream and wake alone—
Love, Joy, and High Ambition and Delight.
What though I battle through the live-long night
Seeing that Love must slay me ere 'tis done?

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

LAST night the West wind bent the poplars' boughs
And like a whisper passed above the lawn:
"The well-beloved Master of the House
"Is gone," it said; "is gone!"

White in the whiter moon the great house rose
And its unlighted windows blank and drear,
Murmured each one the while the wind drew close—
"He is not here!"

THE TREES:
His was the first of human love we knew.
New strength he gave us—leaf and bough and limb.
Closer we held our little singing crew
Because of him.

Daily he walked among us; now there stirs
A grief like some great wind that bows us thus.
Oh, little birds that were his pensioners,
Mourn ye with us.

THE BIRDS:

There were no crumbs this morning at the door.
No kindly voice to greet our downward flight.
Oh, Brothers, let us sing to him once more—
He still may heed tonight.

A ROSE IN THE GARDEN:

Waken and heed, my sisters! He our lover
Will come no more to watch our blossoming,
And, smiling, bend to say our sweet names over.

A COLUMBINE:

How may this be in Spring?

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

THE HOUSE:

Many came through my door today—not
he!
Many came out. He did not. Tell
me, then,
Whence comes this loneliness—this want
in me
Unknown of men?
Surely, the dawn must bring his voice
once more.
He passed not through my door.

A DOG AT THE THRESHOLD:

He has not called nor whistled; I have
waited
So patiently—I have not moved at all.
My ears are bent to hear the step belated
When I will spring to meet him in the
hall
And leap to touch his hand. I must not
move
Lest I should miss him; must not take my
sight
From that one door. Oh, Master of my
love,
I have been very patient. Come tonight!

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

A Voice in the Garden:

Oh, Master of the House—the voices call
And will not cease.
Surely, this wistfulness is audible
Even in your far peace.
And so I may not doubt that once again
Your stricken garden shall rejoice, your trees
Toss their green boughs in rapture—nor in vain
One little, faithful friend shall watch by these.
We may not guess, we humans blind and dull,
That day your halls may sing—your trees carouse;
Yet these shall know that moment beautiful—
I may not doubt, oh, Master of the House!

THE LIKE O' HIM

YOUNG men a-plenty have passed the door,
Broad in the shoulder and strong of limb,
But never my two eyes saw before
The like o' him!

The drummers and fifers woke the town;
The lads were leanin' from roofs and trees,
And the girls came swarming up and down
The like o' bees.

I stood by the hedge to watch them pass,
Laughin' and lookin' the way they came,
The sunshine glintin' on steel and brass
The like o' flame.

And himself looked down as I looked up—
'Twas first he went in the marchin' line,
And the light of his eyes might fill a cup
The like o' wine.

THE LIKE O' HIM

A proper lot are soldierin' men—
  Plenty I've seen of them, tall and trim;
But Faith, I'll not be seeing again
    The like o' him!

He's fit for ladies in silken gowns—
  And well I know, if he turns to see,
There's fifty girls in as many towns
    The like o' me.

Ah, well! the hedges are comin' green;
  I'm walkin' out with Terry and Tim,
Walkin'—and wishin' I'd never seen
    The like o' him!

HOW MANY WOMEN

HOW many women this moon-smitten night
Lie sleepless, smiling, holding each apart,
Like exquisite white roses on her heart,
The wondrous words Love whispered her all day,
Fearful lest slumber dim their dear delight.

Oh, happy sisters, through the moon and dew
Here with my roses I rejoice with you!

How many women this moon-smitten night
Turn from its wonder lest their hearts may break,
And, yearning, only sleep—yet count awake
Each empty hour, these steps that lead from Love,
Praying but rest, but rest in joy's despite.

Oh, sisters, would tonight your eyes might take
This sleep I banish for my roses' sake!

BLIGHTY

THE train purred into Charing Cross,
The nurse bent overhead.
"A moment now and we'll be in;
Lie easy, lad," she said.
Lie easy! Never easier!
Small wonder if she guessed
It was the noise of London
That soothed him into rest.

The nurses came, the doctors came,
The stretcher-bearers last;
Mute crowds about the platform
Uncovered as he passed;
The ambulance crawled through the Arch
And then—he heard it clear—
It was the voice of London
That said, "Old man, you're here!"

He'll never know the girl's name
Beside the curb who cried,

"Here's luck, my lad!" and tossed the bunch
  Of posies at his side—
A bunch of English daffodils,
  Yet never gift as rare—
It was the love of London
  His one hand lifted there.

THE STORM

THE souls of the cruel, dead kings ride out
on the wind tonight,
They slash the trees as they pass, and the
branches shiver and fall;
They thunder with galloping hoofs on the
roofs of cottage and hall,
And the flame on the hearth leaps high, and
we cross ourselves in fright.

Kings that were slain in fury, and kings that
perished in pride,
They have bridled the black North winds
and loosed them to work their will.
They crash through the lowest valley, they
sweep up the highest hill,
And the sound of a thousand trumpets goes
with them the while they ride.

The souls of the cruel, dead kings are out in
the hail and snow.

(That was a mailed hand striking just now
at the window bars)!
I wish I might think of my placid saints or
the friendly, vigilant stars;
But my heart is a blown and trampled leaf
on the roads the mad kings go.

GARDENS

THE rain that beat the whole night long
was still when night was gone,
(O sorrow beating on my heart, how long
before you cease?)
All the garden rose and shone and sparkled
in the dawn--
Glad, oh, so glad again of warmth and
light and peace!

If you should forgive me--as you will never
do—
My heart would be a garden after rainfall
in the sun,
Shining, growing, glowing with a hundred
loves of you;
But oh, it's weary waiting till the long
rain's done!

If you should forgive me sometime when I am
old,

GARDENS

I would break my youth in bits to hurry on
the day.
A garden lifts and lives again for all the rain
and cold,
But, oh, its weary waiting when the sun's
away!

HERSELF

WHEREVER she was, was laughin' and singin' and story-tellin',
And kind words of the old friends, the like there were there to hear;
And always the bite and sup for the schuler that marked her dwellin',
And herself with the step of a girl—and close to seventy year.

Eh, blue eyes, that I knew when they were young,
The sorrows of a long life could never dim their light;
Still I know there's laughin' and still a song is sung,
And still a kind word spoken where you may be this night.

Wherever she was, was comfort and all that she had for sharin';

HERSELF

The water she gave from the well was better
than drink at a fair.
Never a daughter she had with the half of her
wit and darin',
With the like of her rosy cheeks or the curl
of her silver hair.

Eh, woman dear, who was joy to me so long,
There's many ran to greet you in the place of
your delight;
And I think you do be sayin', between the mirth
and song,
The kind word for one old friend who's missin'
you this night.

THE WITCH-WIFE

NONE of our village would he wed,
My son, but brought across the sea
A woman with loose locks of red
To brew my wine and make my bread
And take a daughter's place with me.

Her eyes are darker than the night
When lightning flames across the wold;
Her flesh is white as curds are white,
Her form is of a strong man's height
And red her mouth as dæmon's gold.

She will not sew; she will not spin;
She heeds no word of aught I say;
And her curved smile is like a sin
When—(lest my son's ship ne'er come in)
I say old prayers for him each day.

At hearth and board her place is set;
Of my son's bed she hath her share—

(He hath been long away)—and yet
No tears have made her strange eyes wet,
  And not to any god her prayer.

My son is mighty among men,
  Strong-armed and fair and passing wise,
Who had no thought for maids. Where, then,
Found he this one of all women
  To lure him with her stormy eyes?

I know she is no mortal maid,
  But one of whom my granddam told,
Born of strange sins and, netlike, laid
To catch men's lives, and, unafraid,
  Drink of their blood and leave them cold.

For see! That month I watched her first
  (For my son's sake I did this thing)
I knew her for a witch accursed,
One in a pool of sin immersed
  And wedded with a devil's ring.

Because I made and gave her name
  A waxen form, and three times three
Long nights it melted by the flame;
Yet every morn she woke the same,
  And smiled upon me cunningly.

And all this day I watched her stand
  High-poised between the sea and sky;
With turn and waving of her hand
I know what ship she draws to land,
  What storms she brews to drive it by.

Ere that ship comes is much to do,
  (For my son's sake I must be bold);
She thinks to have her feast anew,
To stain her mouth a redder hue
  And drain his blood for her hair's gold.

Here at my spinning do I sit
  And say no word, but, sick with dread,
Plan snares to foil her awful wit
With book and bell, or, failing it,
  Find if a witch's blood be red.

The ship draws near, and to and fro
  There goes a swinging in my brain;
Two kissed my son and watched him go—
Mother or witch, I dare not know
  Which one will bid him home again.

THOSE WHO WENT FIRST

1914

A DISTANT bugle summoned them by day,
A far flame beckoned them across the night.
They rose—they flung accustomed things
away,—
The habit of old days and new delight.
They heard—they saw—they turned them
over-seas,—
Oh, Land of ours, rejoice in such as these!

This was no call that sounded at their door,
No wild torch flaming in their window
space,—
Yet the quick answer went from shore to
shore,
The swift feet hastened to the trysting place.
Laughing, they turned to death from peace
and ease,—
Oh, Land of ours, be proud of such as these!

High hearts—great hearts—whose valour strikes for us
Out of the awful dissonance of war
The perfect note, in you the chivalrous
Young seekers of the Grail relive once more.
Acclaimed of men—or fallen where none sees—
Oh, Land of ours, be glad of such as these!

THE SOUL OF JEANNE D'ARC

1915

SHE came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb;
She stood as a straight, young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to this.

But lo! a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,

Like a trumpet's call at heaven's wall from
a herald unafraid,
A million voices in one cry, '*Where is the
Maid, the Maid?*'

I had forgot from too much joy that olden
task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the
chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before
mine eyes for sign.

I would return to that my land flung in the
teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that
pleasure me no more,
And don the armour that I knew, the valiant
sword I bore!

And angels militant shall fling the gates of
heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed
like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and
cheer us as we ride.

For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint
Michael of the sword,

And I shall ride on his right side, a page
beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to
reap a sure reward.

Grant that I answer this my call; yea, though
the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last,
long agony;
I would go singing down that road where
faggots wait for me.

Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke
above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path
my heroes tread;
"*My Captain, oh, my Captain, let me go back!*"
she said.

THE JILTED

OH, she held her head high;
She walked the fields as though
She trod a crimson carpet
That bowing slaves held low.
Yet once her feet had followed his
The path he chose to go.

Oh, her eyes were proud ones,
Jewel-bright and clear,
Haughty as a queen's might be
When poor folk come too near.
Yet once they laughed back joy to his
And melted at his tear.

Oh, her mouth was scornful—
Not a smile amiss;
Over-quick to mock, perchance,
At another's bliss,
Yet once 'twas tender with his name
And lifted to his kiss.

THE YEARS

THE Old Year looked at the clock,
Smiled his gallant old smile, and so
Took his beaver, arranged his stock,
Kissed her hand—while she curtseyed low—
(That demure coquette of a world,)
And sighed as she watched him go.

The Old Year closed the door;
She waited—half mirth, half fear,
Till the clock's last stroke gave o'er,
And over the casement clear—
(O, demure coquette of a world!)
Leaped that dashing blade, New Year!

THE SEA BRIDE

SHE was like no other one
All the parish round;
In her soul were sea and sun,
In her laugh the sound
Of swift waves on shell-strewn sands
Never man hath found.

Father, mother, none she knew.
On the beach one day
All amazed, a fisher crew
Found a child at play,
Lithe and white and wild, with hair
Gemmed with sun-dried spray.

So they taught their speech to her,
So she grew apace,
In her voice the sea-winds stir.
Like a curved wave's grace
Moved her slender form, the sea's
Beauty seemed her face.

THE SEA BRIDE

Not a lad the parish round
  But when she drew nigh
Flung his heart upon the ground
  For her feet to try;
Not a lad the parish round
  Gained her smile thereby.

Not for her their prayers and sighs.
  Long day after day,
From sun rising to moonrise,
  Still her feet would stray
Where the wild sea beckoned her
  In its combers play.

Only one who, day by day,
  Followed her again;
One with eyes of stormy grey,
  Passionate with pain
Of that love despised, that burned
  Hot through heart and brain.

On the cliff that taunts the mad
  Waves that leap to it,
So they met there, maid and lad,
  Oh, a trysting fit!
Red the great moon rose—as some
  Torch the furies lit.

Still she mocked him fearlessly,
Said him still the same,
"None I love but this my sea,"
Till the madness came—
In the hungry eyes of him
Like the red moon's flame.

"In your lover's arms this night
Lie you then," quoth he.
Hand of brown on throat of white,
Swiftly, silently,
Down her lithe young body flashed,
Down into the sea.

Know you what he saw who leant,
Maddened through and through?
Sudden waves that curved and bent
As strong arms might do
When they draw the bride beloved
To a heart thrice true.

Know you what he heard, who so
Crouched there, hate-possessed?
Laughter tremulous and low,
E'en that laughter blest
Of the happy bride who lies
On her lover's breast.

THE SEA BRIDE

She was like no other one
  All the parish round;
In her soul were sea and sun,
  In her laugh the sound
Of swift waves on shell-strewn sands
  Never man hath found.

THE WISHES

IT was on Midsummer Eve
I made wishes three,
Since the fairies gave me leave
And the thing might be.

And the first wish was for peace,
And the next for rest,
And the next—the fear might cease
That possessed my breast.

And straightway my lover turned
That these things might be,
Kissed my lips with lips that yearned,
Laughed, and left me free.

So came peace and so came rest;
Yea, but who could tell
That the heart within my breast
Seemed an empty shell,

Void of all unrest and fear?
  Oh, but this is true,
I would bear and hold them dear
  For that love I knew.

So on next Midsummer Eve
  I shall wish again
For my olden right to grieve,
  And my ancient pain.

Better these than that I lack,
  I shall wish once more,
And my lover will come back
  Laughing through the door.

A WEDDING SONG

SPRINGTIME in our village!
Between a dawn and night
The orchards grey but yesterday
Come out in pink and white,
Like little bridesmaids all bedecked
To give the bride delight.

Springtime in our village!
Through all the countryside
From bough and wing the robins fling
A carol glorified,
Like lusty little choristers
Who sing before the bride.

Springtime in our village!
Before the sun is high
The little crowds of fleecy clouds
Come drifting through the sky,
Like happy children all in white
To see the bride go by.

A WEDDING SONG

Springtime in our village!
  Oh, heart of mine, be gay!
The lass that frowned the season round
  Hath found her mirth in May,
And all of Spring is but the ring
  About our wedding day.

Garrison, Theodosia Pickering, 1874-
As the larks rise

3 5134 00140 3282

811
G1932

GENERAL LOAN COLLECTION

Oregon State Library
Salem

RULES GOVERNING MAIL ORDER LOANS

Books loaned through local public libraries or through traveling libraries are subject to the rules governing them.

No charge for books.—The books circulated by the State Library are free to all citizens of Oregon who will agree to observe the rules of the library and pay transportation charges both ways on books loaned. Shipment is made by mail or express and all prepaid charges must be remitted upon receipt or return of package.

Borrowers.—Adults not previously registered as borrowers should if possible apply through librarian of local public or traveling library, school officers or principal, county school superintendent, member of the Legislature, officers of the local grange or other permanent organization, or give reference to some state officer located in Salem. Reference is not essential to service. Minors must obtain signature of local librarian or school principal.

Number of Volumes.—Any reasonable request for books will be granted if applicant wishes them for study or research work, and books are not needed elsewhere.

Time Kept.—Books must be received at the State Library within 28 days from date of loan. They may be renewed for two weeks upon request as long as needed for study, unless reserved for other borrowers. Date upon which books will be due in the library is given on notice of shipment. Some books will be issued for shorter period and may not be renewed.

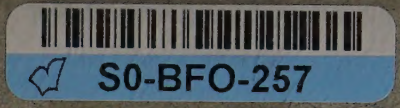
Groups of books for home clubs and libraries are loaned for longer periods of from three to six months.

Fines.—A fine of two cents a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. No book will be loaned to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed.

Lost and Injured Books.—Borrowers are held responsible for books and are required to pay for lost and injured volumes. Number of pieces loaned is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

Books must be kept clean, must not be marked and corners of leaves must not be turned down.

L.K.GILL CO.
THIRD & ALDER
PORTLAND


S0-BFO-257